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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 14, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were flung now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the soft task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls! a way! away!
To where blood stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest way,
That time in all his course has seen.
See from a thousand covert—see,
Spitting the arrows of his hate;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must meet the branded traitors back.

Ho! steady as the oak ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight—
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The shafts that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own grey cliffs that mock
The whirling, stand to her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock,
And rushing squadrons bear ye hence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, dipping far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to down the plain,
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring margin of sand;
Come, like that deep, when o'er his brim,
He rises, all his banks to pour,
And fling the proudest barks that swim
A helpless wreck against the shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow water blow, till man shall see
That Mount and Knott move hand in hand,
And glorious must the triumph be.

Political.

Speech of Colonel John W. Forney,

DELIVERED AT LANCASTER, AUG. 2, 1862.

The resolutions being adopted, Col. John W. Forney was introduced to the meeting and received with tremendous applause. He said: OLD FRIENDS AND BELLOW CITIZENS: It gives me sincere gratification to appear before you on this impressive occasion. However the circumstances by which we are surrounded may sadden our hearts, it is cheering to one like myself, who has been buffeted by the varying winds of fortune, to come back to his old stamping ground and be welcomed by such a demonstration as this. The spot whereon I stand is filled with peculiarly pleasant associations to me. In this very neighborhood I began life as a printer boy, and within the circumference of five or six hundred yards I published two newspapers, advocating certain definite principles up to the period of my removal to Philadelphia. Situated as I now am in another sphere, I often look back upon this old town with singularly agreeable feelings—I remember the old court house, which seems, at least to my eyes, to have been removed by some rude and wanton sacrilege from the spot where it so long stood. I remember the old steeple which used to look down upon me from Centre Square. I remember the men who are gone—names honorable, names never to be forgotten, names always to be cherished. I remember, too, gentlemen, that on one occasion, in April of 1856, in this very place, and probably from this very stand, I participated in the reception of a distinguished citizen who came back from a foreign land, bearing, as you supposed in his hand, the olive branch that was to still the troubled waters, and make us all peaceful and united. Strange to say, you, my venerable friend [Dr. Muhlenberg], also presided on that interesting occasion, and held a vast throng of people who welcomed this statesman back to his own home, indulging with them the hope that he would be the saviour of his country. Your presence, as chairman of this great meeting, to-day, is a suggestive comment upon the manner in which this high expectation was disappointed.

Remembering these things, I also call to mind how many of you now before me pledged yourselves to his cause, stood by him through the succeeding controversy, aided to elevate him to the Presidency, looked with pride upon the commencement of his Presidential career, and rested content in his integrity and his patriotism. Those recollections are pertinent to this occasion. Their revival certainly cannot offend any man who is the friend of his country. And I do not believe in that philosophy which restrains the utterance of essential truth in a dark and dismal hour like this, lest it may give offence to some tender gentleman who hesitates whether he shall stand by the flag of the stars and stripes or by the flag of the rattlesnake and the scorpion. How the distinguished gentleman, to whom I have alluded as being thus honored and thus elected, carried out the pledges he made to the people of the United States, and confirmed the expectations entertained in regard to him, you yourself, Dr. Muhlenberg, have fearlessly stated in your opening address. The page

that records it is now being written with the heart's blood of some of his own neighbors and friends.

Gentlemen, the occasion that has called you here to-day is to contribute of your pecuniary and physical wealth to the maintenance of the Union and the protection of the Republic, and I propose, in the few words I shall say, to devote myself to the object of securing unity among all the people of the free States to these ends. Our trouble is not that we have not a good cause; not that we have not a gallant army; not that the wishes of all patriotic men are not with us; but that, with all these advantages, we conceive we can go on discussing the various issues involved, embarrasing, criticising, and interrupting the operations of our constitutional leaders, precisely as if we were in the midst of a profound peace. And many honest men fall into this blunder, without thinking that they are being misled from a high public and conscientious duty by partisans, who desire to create a division among the people of the free States, in order to bring a new and disgraceful peace, and renege to power the men who are now fighting against the Federal Government.

If the veil that conceals the secrets of every household could be lifted, Mr. President, we should find that one lesson of life, frequently taught to ourselves, has as frequently been impressed in lasting characters upon other hearts. Differences between brothers and sisters; between wives and husbands; between parents and children—differences that have run like a bitter stream through many years, are checked and closed forever, when the Angel of Death passes over the stricken threshold. As the long-extended kindred meet at the bedside of the dying father, mother, brother, or sister, and bend the tranquil spirit preparing to wing its way to the throne of God, that spirit often implores, with dying accents, that peace may descend upon the divided circle; may lighten the fires of love on the chilled heartstone, and warn the bosoms too long estranged. Rarely is this innovation infelicitous. The tears shed for the parting soul mingle with those that reconcile the separated living, and the family, long lacerated by its own strifes, joins hands in token of perpetual affection over the bed of death.

Mr. President, our country is not dead, nor let us hope dying; but she is that like a martyr to a stake, and is surrounded by "a wild and many weaponed throng." There is a shade of grief upon her brow; her sufferings are great, for her wounds are many—she sees with agony that those who plunge the dagger into her side and try to light the faggot at her feet, are her own children—children she has nursed and nourished at her own generous breast, and in imitation of Him who bled upon the cross eighteen hundred and sixty-two years ago, she exclaims, through all her acts and signs, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Turning from these degenerate children, she appeals to us. She tells us that her reliance now is upon those who have been always loyal and true; upon those who have returned her bounties and blessings with a constant gratitude, and have rewarded her trials and toils for them by spreading before her eyes the triumphs of their genius and the trophies of their industry. But as she calls us to the rescue, she bids us first of all, be at peace with each other. "Obdient I hear her divine accents now! 'Obedient you have been to me, my children; you have made yourselves a wonder among the nations; you have banded a government unparalleled upon earth, but you have not been united among yourselves; you are not united now.' Oh! let your bleeding country, your mother and your friend, your guardian and your stay—let your country, in this her darkest hour and her direst straits, implore you to cease all dissensions, to seal up forever the pestiferous fontains of party, and to move in serried array to her defence. There is only one other power, sir, that can make a more irresistible appeal—that power which speaks in thunders from the skies. Shall we, then, be deaf to the voice of our country, when we feel that that country is almost commissioned to speak the voice of God himself.

Sir, I plead for the unity of the free people of the free States. Great Heavens! why should they not be consolidated into one vast, overpowering mass? Look at the rebellious south! The atrocious crimes, and the inhuman objects of the conspirators, so far from creating divisions among them, have produced a unity, not a unity of conscience, but a unity of organized and savage fanaticism. They seem to be inspired by the demon desperation, which made Macbeth exclaim:

"I am a blood
Reeking in so far, that should I wade no more
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."
These mad men fight against a good Government as if it had not been their best and most constant benefactor. They are driven upon our bayonets in drunken and infuriated thousands. Our flag to them is the emblem of infamy, and our Union a covenant of crime. From their hearts they have blotted the glorious memories of the past. Every battle field of the Revolution fills them with remorse—the tomb of every patriot is a monument of reproach. The dignities of Washington, and Jackson, and Jefferson almost speak through their marble lips in rebuke of their sacrilege. And yet, Mr. President, these people are united.

Behold, sir, what a heritage we are fighting for! No people ever had such a cause. Not the Myriads who went forth centuries ago to recover the Holy Sepulchre—not the legions who followed Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon. Never—never, sir, has such a creed and such a country appealed to human hearts.

Mother, over the grave of your only son, who died of the malaria or the murderous bullet in the swamps of the Chickahominy, as you weep for the loved and the lost, do not your prayers ascend for the brave boy he has left behind him? Do you not feel that the stout men at home should go forth to succor them? And does not your noble woman's heart swell with indignation at the sight of party quarrels around your own threshold?

Father, whose gallant lads have gone to the field, tell me how you regard the spirit of discord in the free States! Is it not an insult to you, and an insult to them! When you are told that safe and prosperous men shall not pay the tax that is to support the soldiers of the Republic, that the property of the traitors shall not be seized and used to sustain the army, that their farms and persons shall be protected by Union bayonets, that the stout arms of the Southern negroes shall not be invoked to save your own sons from the dreadful work of the camp, the trench, and the fort; and above all, that sordid sympathizers with this bloody treason shall be permitted to revel in luxury under the ægis of a Government they are seeking to destroy, do you not feel that the day of vengeance must come to all who, in this dread crisis, remain indifferent to their country's call?

Man of toil,—mechanic,—laborer,—hear me! Shall this great, free people be broken up and destroyed, only to gratify your natural enemies—to satisfy the ambition of those who delude you as an inferior class? The world has its aristocracies, but none so base and baleful as the aristocracy of Secession. Its soul and body are composed of hatred and contempt for Northern industry and toil.—Born of slavery—resting upon slavery—living upon it,—in luxury, laziness and ease, the race thus pampered has become a race of tyrants, regarding you as its foes, and clutching to its embrace as natural allies, the despots of the old world. There is not a traitor in the South to-day who does not believe, or has not said that the ultimate design of this great conspiracy is to establish upon these shores a monarchy, or, failing in that, to drag the Republic to a dishonored grave; and either result is your degradation.

Farmers of Pennsylvania, a word with you! Come with us and perfect the work of popular unity! Happy in your quiet homes, blessed in the midst of abundant harvests, heretofore more independent than any other class, do not be deluded by the hope

"That trampling war will not channel your fields,
Nor trounce your converts with the armed hoof of hostile foes."

Unless, indeed, now as I speak and as you hear, you send your sons to hold back the invader. If rebellion is not crushed by Northern concentration and courage our borders will soon be baptized in blood; the fairest of our valleys will shake under the thunderous tread of mighty squadrons. Now that your crops are gathered in,—your barns filled to bursting,—your broad acres shorn of their bounteous burdens,—now let your young men advance to gather glorious laurels on other fields, and to crowd the national archives with the names of other heroes. In the olden time, when the foreign foe sent his myriads among us, the plough was left standing in the furrow; the sickle rusted among the ripening sheaves, and the husbandman flew to battle to follow the train of artillery, and to exchange the reaping hook for the sword. O! rouse ye, then, tillers of this golden soil, and swear by the memory of Putnam, and Morgan, and Wayne, the farmer heroes of the glorious past, that you will preserve and defend the legacies they have bequeathed to you.

Men of wealth, will you hold back?—Every dollar of your money has been accumulated under the fostering care of that good Government, whose life is now at stake.—You have prospered beyond example. You have been fortunate as others have been fortunate. What value would attach to your heaps of gold if the Republic were gone? In that hour your houses, your bonds, and hidden stores would pass away, as the clouds before the storm, or the mists before the sun. Come forth, O Dives, and help your country! Appear, O Midas, with your shining tributes; for, of all your investments, none have rewarded you so much, or returned such solid premiums, as will that speculation which proves your trust in, and gratitude for, the Government which has protected you.

I now address the politicians—the leaders of parties—the controllers of Convention—the creators of Presidents and Governors. You have one Divinity that you worship—the Divinity of Public Opinion. Easily swayed and moulded in peace, it is eagle-eyed, keen-scented and jealous in time of war. The ordinary tricks of the partizan will not pass current now. It is in an inquiring and suspicious mood. It seeks to know for itself—to weigh every assertion in the scales of a most exact judgment. Deceived on former occasions, it remembers the adage, "Cheated once, it is my enemy's fault, but cheated a second time, the fault is mine." Whatever may be said of the fickleness of public opinion, in one thing it has always been steady and unchangeable—and that is in love of country. Public opinion has something been compared to a great ocean tossed by contrary winds and torn by many currents. Faction may disturb it—misrepresentations of measures and men may convulse it, but, beware, gentlemen politicians, of the other sea that rolls beneath the tempest—the tranquil, deep, and eternal flood that finds its source in every loyal heart—love of country and devotion to the American Union. And if ever this emotion existed before it exists now. It ambitions men desire place or promotion, let them carefully consult the anguishes before they offend their chosen idol. I would not in this presence revive party names; but I will appeal to the politicians to come forward and assist in combining and consolidating the people in favor of the war. Is there before me one who was a Breckinridge Democrat two years ago? To him do I address myself.—Your candidate has gone into the rebellion; but many who acted with you are now leading the hosts in the army and firing the public heart in civil life—standing like heroes by the flag, and denouncing every man who dares to be indifferent to the cause of the country and to sympathize with the traitors. Let me name in this connection Governor Dickenson, of New York, Andrew Johnson, the noble Governor of Tennessee, the soldier statesman Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, and in our own State, such men as Wm. Wilkins and Wilson McCandless. They show their sense of the error of

1860 by sets of gallantry and patriotism that cannot fail to be felt by all the honest men who co-operated with them in the Presidential campaign. But, oh! gentlemen, those of you in this quarter who are to-day following the lead of a certain "O. P. F."—as indicated in certain of his newspaper organs hereabouts, should look well at the same time to the lessons that are taught to you by the Breckinridge Democrats, Butler and Johnson. If these men have one feeling of hatred and hostility more bitter than that they entertain against the traitors in arms, it is for those men in the loyal States who dare to stay here and secretly aid and sympathize with the foes of our glorious country. Is there a Douglas Democrat before me? He cannot be one to aid in dividing the people in the dark and trying hour. Such a man would forget his own father and slander the mother that bore him.—His great leader sleeps in holy and unforgetting solitude near the Metropolis of Illinois.—In life the embodiment of high principle, enlightened progress, and daring purpose, he rallied to his standard a mighty army of believers and devotees. The highest type of a knightly gentleman, he was the best ideal of an undaunted patriot. He died early, after leaving behind him a fame that will endure as long as the great lake that rolls by his busy and populous shores; and with his last words he uttered truth and warnings that should stir the souls of all his countrymen, and should comfort the men with shame who, in their blind party hatred, hold the Republicans responsible for the war, and thus relieve the murderers of our country's liberties of the damning guilt of having commenced and continued it. I cannot avoid, as well to awaken the Douglas Democrat to his duty, as to shame those who sympathize with traitors, calling your attentions to these familiar farewell words of the lamented Douglas:

"The election of Mr. Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present Secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since—formed by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago. They use the slavery question as a means to aid the accomplishment of their ends. They desired the election of a Northern candidate, by a sectional vote, in order to show that the two sections cannot live together. When the history of the two years from the Lecompton question down to the Presidential election shall be written, it will be shown that the scheme was deliberately made to break up the Union."

"They desire a Northern Republican to be elected by a purely Northern vote, and then assign this fact as a reason why the sections cannot live together. If the Disunion candidates in the late Presidential contest had carried the united South, their scheme was, the Northern candidate successful, to seize the Capitol last spring, and by a united South and divided North, hold it. Their scheme was defeated, in the defeat of the Disunion candidate in several of the Southern States."

"But this is no time for a detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known; armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it.—There are now only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States, or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots and traitors!"

Can Douglas Democrats require other inducements to duty? Need I tell them that all the men who sustained his course in 1860, with some discreditable exceptions, are now the uncompromising and unquestioning friends of the war—that they are trusted by the President and his Cabinet, and that they are as eloquent in the council as they are intrepid in the field? Were Stephen A. Douglas living this day—and I speak as one who knows his inmost thoughts on this great question—he would be among the foremost champions of the whole policy of Mr. Lincoln's Administration.

We should hear from him no criticism upon our public agents, who have no interest save to prosecute the war vigorously; no demands for leniency to the traitors; no lamentations over the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; no advice to the people to resist enlistments and taxes, and no advice to his friends to unite with his foes to embarrass the Government of the country.

As my eyes rests upon this vast throng, I recall many of the scenes of other days, when in this luxurious region, the adopted citizen grew from poverty to opulence in his efforts to improve the modern thoroughfares of our noble State. Coming from a foreign land, he found here a welcome and a home. Some of the descendants of this brave and brave race are no doubt listening to me to-day. Many of them are away in the athletic columns of the Union army, under Hambricht and Welsh, and McCarter. Many have died in the imminent deadly breach, and some have returned among you mutilated monuments of unselfish intrepidity. Side by side with their German brothers, they have marched to victory or to death—the one shouting the war song of Schiller, the other advancing to the exhilarating strains of Erin-Go-Bragh. There is something impressive in this practical gratitude of the adopted citizen. How hideous the spectacle of an Irish or German traitor! If a native born recreant is entitled to infamy, what must be thought of him who, having grown to wealth on the generous bosom of this country, should seek to take the life he was specially sworn to defend?

Have you ever reflected, fellow-countrymen upon the signal evidence of the loyalty of our adopted citizens, that there is not an Irish or a German general in the rebel army? What more significant protest could be uttered against the bloody ritual of treason? There is no Meagher, or Shields, or Mulligan, or Corcoran, or O'Brien—no Sigel, or Blenker, or Schurz under the flag of the rattlesnake and scorpion. Why is this? It is because the traitors fear to trust our adopted citizens in the lead. They drive the Germans and Irish at the point of the bayonet into their ranks, but when they want leaders they select from their slave drivers and aristocrats, who look upon labor with contempt, and hold their

soldiers as we do our dumb beasts, as so much cattle to be driven, to be worked, to be slaughtered. But if the oath of the adopted citizen and his gratitude to his adopted country restrain him from treading the hellish labyrinths of the rebellion, his nerves will be strung with a new resolve as he casts his eye beyond the seas and beholds the enemies of freedom preparing to assist the slave-murderers in their war upon this Government. I have heard the intimation that the best process to bring about complete unity among our people would be the intervention of the foreign Powers, and it has been whispered that some of our adopted citizens needed this incentive to action. Sir, it is impossible to add to the justice of the appeal of the Government to our own people, and it would seem to be equally difficult to aid to the infamy of the rebellion. But I can readily conceive that when the despot designs of the traitors are confirmed by the intrusion of the armies of Great Britain or of France, or of both together, there will be a new rupture in the strife, a new motive to make it desperate and decisive, and a new opportunity for the development of our national manhood. Let us be frank, Mr. President.—The royalties of the old world are holding a carnival. The very last speech of Lord Palmerston, and the very last leader of the London Times, which arrived on Thursday, admonish us that they are preparing to take a part in the struggle. Their fleets are hanging like clouds upon two of our frontiers, and the English Premier is making "impressive and warning speeches" to the volunteer riflemen in Hyde Park. This prospect must not discourage us, Mr. President. If we are to fight this great battle against domestic slavery and foreign despotism, why so be it. With all our advantages, living as we do upon ourselves, borrowing from each other, and in debt only to each other, with a soil as prolific as the Garden of Eden, may we not for a higher and a holier purpose emulate that self-sacrificing spirit which was exhibited by the French people in the most fearful period of their extraordinary history? When they entered upon the work of reforming the abuses of centuries of corruption and tyranny they found arrayed against them the sentiment of the European world, the prejudices of an English king, and the keen, unscrupulous intellect of the greatest of English Prime Ministers. They found an insurrection of the aristocracy in La Vendée—they found disaffection and treason among all classes. Rising to the sublimity of Spartan heroism, they crushed treason at home, and with bleeding feet and famished forms, and no weapons but the pike, they resisted invasion and saved the honor of their country. The insurrection was crushed—the old tyranny was destroyed—and the sword of a Republican general, in a spirit of magnificent revenge, punished the perfidy of his foes with Marengo, Austerlitz, and Ulm.

Thus, Mr. President, this may become the war of the world; and if so, it may prove to be to the enslaved nations of the earth what the earthquake, which nearly overthrew Lacedæmon, was to the Helots of Sparta. For this is indeed a moral earthquake. It is historically stated that many centuries ago an earthquake, unprecedented in its violence, occurred in Spain. The greater portion of its capital was overthrown, and it is said, probably with exaggeration, that only five houses escaped.—This calamity did not cease suddenly as it came. Its convulsions were repeated—it buried alike men and treasure—and one historian states that no less than twenty thousand persons perished in the shock. In the midst of this fearful convulsion the slaves, whom the cruelty of Sparta had nursed in her bosom, resolved to seize the moment to execute their vengeance and consummate her destruction.—Now was the moment when Sparta lay in ruins—now was the moment to realize their vengeance. From field to field, from village to village, the news of the earthquake became the watchword of revolt. The earthquake that levelled Sparta rent her chains. Nor did the shock create one chain so dark and wide as that between the master and the slave. It was as if the great mother herself had summoned her children to vindicate the long-abused and alienable heritage derived from her, and the stir of the angry elements was but the announcement of a stern and solemn union between nature and the oppressed. Mr. President, the fettered tribe of mankind may hail the great moral earthquake in this country as the signal opportunity for their deliverance.—And the attempt of European despots to destroy this Government may end in their own overthrow, and in the disfranchisement of their own oppressed and down-trodden millions.

A traveler stopped at a farm house for the purpose of getting his dinner. Dismounting at the front door he knocked, but received no answer. Going to the outside of the house, he found a little white-headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, with the other she was giving her lord a pounding. Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveler knocked on the side of the house and cried out in a loud voice:—"Hallo, here, who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered:—"Stranger, that's what we are trying to decide!"

Sin is bad in the eye, worse in the tongue, worse in the heart, but worst of all in the life.

We are oftener robbed by those who enter our hearts, than by those who break into our houses.

Our own caprices are more extravagant than those of fortune.

We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

It is better to love one you cannot marry, than to marry one you cannot love.

Queen Victoria's servants number 393

Letter from General Hunter to the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng.

The following is Gen. Hunter's reply to the inquiries of the president of the National Freedmen's Association:

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T. OF THE SOUTH, Hilton Head, Port Royal, S. C., July 17, 1862.

Rev. Stephen Tyng, President of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, New York City:

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, dated June 2, 1862, expressing to me the approval of my course in regard to the freed slaves of this Department, by the important and benevolent association of which you are president.

Satisfied of having attempted, in the absence of instructions, to do my duty in the matter according to the best lights of my judgment and a long experience, every assurance of sympathy from men whose characters I esteem as gratifying, and enables me to wait with more patience for those inevitable days which are to give a policy on the slavery question to our Government.

It is my only fear that the lesson may not be understood and acted upon until read in characters of blood at the fireside of every Northern family. To attain wisdom we must suffer; but that wisdom on the slavery question must finally be obtained, is my sustaining faith.

Our people are not dull of comprehension in regard to matters about which free play is given to their common sense. When a fire is spreading through a block of houses they do not hesitate to batter down an intermediate house to save the remainder of the block.—When the plague occupies an infected district, the district is quarantined, and every resource of science and industry put forth to rid the locality of its presence. The soldiers of health are by no means ordered to mount guard over each smitten house and see that the vested interests of pestilence are protected. "Break open doors, if they be not opened," is the order on these occasions. "Let in fresh air and sunlight; let purity replace corruption."

But in presence of one great evil, which has so long brooded over our country, the intelligence of a large portion of our people would seem paralyzed and helpless. Their moral nerves lie torpid under its benumbing shadow. Its breath has been the pestilence of the political atmosphere in which our statesmen have been nurtured; and never, I fear, until its beak is dripping with the best blood of the country, and its talons tangled in her vitals, will the free masses of the loyal States be fully aroused to the necessity of abating the abomination at whatever cost and by whatever agencies.

This is written, not politically, but according to my profession in the military sense.—Looking forward, there looms up a possibility (only too possible) of a peace which shall be nothing but an armistice, with every advantage secured to the rebellion. Nothing can give us permanent peace but a successful prosecution of the war, with every weapon and energy at our command, and its logical and legitimate conclusion. The fomenting cause of the rebellion must be abated; the axe must be laid to the root of the upas tree which has raised down such bitter fruit upon our country, before anything like a permanent peace can be justly hoped.

Already I see signs in many influential quarters, heretofore opposed to my views in favor of arming the blacks, of a change of sentiment. Our recent disasters before Richmond have served to illuminate many minds.

To speak of using the negroes merely for throwing up entrenchments is a step in the right direction, though far short of what must be the end. It has the advantage, however, of making the further and final steps necessary; for men working in face of the enemy must have arms with which to protect themselves if suddenly attacked.

On the whole, there is much reason to be satisfied with the progress made by public sentiment, considering how deep-rooted were the prejudices to be overcome, the general failure of the nation to realize at first the proportions of the war, and the impunity still extended to those Northern traitors who are the plunderers of the Government by means of fraudulent army and navy contracts, on the one hand, while using every energy of tongue and pen to excite discontent with our Government and sympathy with the more candid and courageous traitors of the south who are in arms against us.

In conclusion, it may not be inappropriate to say that in transmitting the approval of the National Freedmen's Relief Association of my course, you were, doubtless, unconsciously endorsing views which your own earnest eloquence had no slight share in maturing. Without the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I was, during a year, a member of your congregation, and take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness to your teachings.

Your letter would have been earlier answered, had not pressing duties too fully occupied my time.

Believe me, sir, very truly your obliged and obedient servant,
D. HUNTER.

P. S.—None of the carefully fostered delusions by which slavery has sustained itself at the North, is more absurd than the bugbear of "general migration of the negroes to the North," as a necessary sequence of emancipation. So far is this from being the fact, that although it is well known that I give passes North to all negroes applying to me, not more than a dozen have asked me for such passes since my arrival here, their local attachments being apparently much stronger than with the white race. My experience leads me to believe that the exact reverse of the received opinion on this subject would form the rule, and that nearly if not quite all the negroes of the North would migrate South whenever they shall be at liberty to do so without fear of the action block. Sincerely,
D. H.

If a lady has a thousand acres of valuable land, the young men are apt to conclude that they are sufficient grounds for attachment.